
 ANONYMOUS LYRICS

 Back and Side Go Bare, Go Bare¹

Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

5 I cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good;
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.²
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 10 I am nothing a-cold;
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
 15 And a crab³ laid in the fire;
 A little bread shall do me stead,
 Much bread I not desire.
 No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,⁴
 Can hurt me if I would,
 20 I am so wrapped, and throughly lapped
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, etc.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
 Loveth well good ale to seek,
 25 Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
 The tears run down her cheeks.
 Then doth she troll⁵ to me the bowl,
 Even as a maltworm should,
 And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
 30 Of this jolly good ale and old."
 Back and side go bare, etc.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do;
 They shall not miss to have the bliss
 35 Good ale doth bring men to;

1. One of the best English drinking songs, this is sung in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, a pioneer play in the development of native English comedy. The play is often ascribed to a "Mr. S., Master of Art," who probably wrote it for performance at Cambridge University.

2. With a monk, i.e., I can match anyone in drinking.

3. Crabapple. "Toast": toast was often dipped in beverages.

4. Think, suppose.

5. Pass.

And all poor souls that have scoured bowls
 Or have them lustily trolled,
 God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old.

- 40 Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

1575

In Praise of a Contented Mind¹

My mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I find
 That it excels all other bliss
 That world affords or grows by kind.²

- 5 Though much I want³ which most men have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

- No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 10 No shape to feed each gazing eye;
 To none of these I yield as thrall.
 For why⁴ my mind doth serve for all.

- I see how plenty suffers oft,
 How hasty climbers soon do fall;
 15 I see that those that are aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all;
 They get with toil, they keep with fear.
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

- Content I live, this is my stay;
 20 I see no more than may suffice;
 I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look what⁵ I lack my mind supplies;
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

- 25 Some have too much, yet still do crave;
 I little have, and seek no more.
 They are but poor, though much they have,

1. This is one of the most popular of Elizabethan lyrics. It was long attributed to the courtier-poet and friend of Sidney, Sir Edward Dyer, but a recent study ascribes it more plausibly to Edward de Vere, seventeenth earl of Oxford, also a courtier, poet, and patron of writers. In 1588 the great Elizabethan composer William Byrd set it to music in his *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Piety*;

the poem was also printed as a broadside ballad and remained popular down through the 17th century.

2. Nature.

3. Lack.

4. Because.

5. Whatever.

And I am rich with little store.
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 30 They lack, I leave; they pine,⁶ I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
 I grudge not at another's gain;
 No worldly waves my mind can toss;
 My state at one doth still remain.
 35 I fear no foe, nor fawning friend;
 I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,⁷
 Their wisdom by their rage of will,⁸
 Their treasure is their only trust;
 40 And cloakèd craft their store of skill.
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
 My conscience clear my chief defense;
 45 I neither seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by deceit to breed offense.
 Thus do I live; thus will I die.
 Would all did so as well as I!

1581

1588

Though Amaryllis Dance in Green¹

Though Amaryllis dance in green
 Like fairy queen;
 And sing full clear
 Corinna can, with smiling, cheer.
 5 Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,
 Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill² love no more.

My sheep are lost for want of food,
 And I so wood,³
 That all the day
 10 I sit and watch a herdmaid gay,
 Who laughs to see me sigh so sore,
 Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

Her loving looks, her beauty bright
 Is such delight,
 15 That all in vain
 I love to like and lose my gain,

6. Dwindle away. "Leave": bequeath, as in a will.

7. Sensual delight.

8. I.e., wild desires.

1. William Byrd set this anonymous lyric to music in his song book titled *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Piety*. It is a "ballet"—a dance-song

of short stanzas with refrain—an appropriate form for this quaint rustic song about the renunciation of love.

2. The rustic dialect form for "I will": (i)ch (w)ill.

3. Frantic.

For her that thanks me not therefor,
Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

Ah wanton eyes, my friendly foes,
20 And cause of woes,
 Your sweet desire
Breeds flames of ice and freeze in fire.
Ye scorn to see me weep so sore,
Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

25 Love ye who list, I force him not,
 Sith, God it wot,
 The more I wail,
The less my sighs and tears prevail.
What shall I do but say therefore,
30 Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

1588

Constant Penelope Sends to Thee¹

Constant Penelope sends to thee, careless Ulysses.
Write not again, but come, sweet mate, thyself to revive me.
Troy we do much envy, we desolate lost ladies of Greece,
Not Priamus, nor yet all Troy can us recompense make.
5 Oh, that he had, when he first took shipping to Lacedaemon,
That adulter² I mean, had been o'erwhelmed with waters.
Then had I not lain now all alone, thus quivering for cold,
Nor used this complaint, nor have thought the day to be so long.

1588

[The Queen's Champion Retires]¹

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing;²
5 Beauty, strength, youth are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love are roots, and ever green.

1. A translation (perhaps by Thomas Watson), from book 1 of Ovid's *Heroides*, into quantitative English verse. It was set to music by William Byrd in his *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Piety* (1588). Penelope was the wife of Ulysses, away at the Trojan War.

2. Paris (the "adulter") stole Helen from her husband, Menelaus, king of Sparta ("Lacedaemon"); this rape was the cause of the Trojan War. Priamus was king of Troy.

1. Sir Henry Lee, Master of the Armory, served as

the Queen's Champion, undertaking to defend her honor against all comers, at an annual tournament or joust from 1559 to 1590. He then retired, at the age of 57, in favor of the Earl of Cumberland. On that occasion this lyric was sung by Robert Hales, the Queen's lutenist, on behalf of Lee. The authorship, sometimes ascribed to George Peele because the poem was first printed at the end of his *Polyhymnia*, is uncertain. It may be by Lee himself.

2. I.e., paradoxically, as one's growth increases, his youth decreases.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees;
 And lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms;
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees
 10 And feed on prayers, which are age's alms:³
 But though from court to cottage he depart,
 His saint⁴ is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest⁵ sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song;
 15 "Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well;
 Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong."
 Goddess,⁶ allow this aged man his right
 To be your beadsman⁷ now, that was your knight.

1590

The Shepherd's Consort¹

Hark, jolly shepherds, hark! Hark you yon lusty ringing!
 How cheerfully the bells dance, whilst the jolly lads are springing!
 Go then, why sit we here delaying,
 And all you lads and merry lasses playing?
 5 How gaily Flora leads it,
 And how she sweetly treads it!
 The woods and groves they ring loudly resounding,
 With echo sweet rebounding!

1594

Come Away, Come, Sweet Love!¹

Come away, come, sweet love! The golden morning breaks;
 All the earth, all the air of love and pleasure speaks.
 Teach thine arms then to embrace,
 And sweet rosy lips to kiss,
 5 And mix our souls in mutual bliss;
 Eyes were made for beauty's grace,
 Viewing, rueing love-long pain,
 Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away, come, sweet love! The golden morning wastes,
 10 While the sun from his sphere his fiery arrows casts
 Making all the shadows fly,

3. I.e., prayers are the only alms a retired, aged man can give.

4. Ladylove.

5. "In serious mood," not "melancholy."

6. Queen Elizabeth, often honored as the moon goddess Diana (Cynthia).

7. One who offers prayers in behalf of someone.

1. Song. This poem is set to music in Thomas

Morley's *Madrigals to Four Voices* (1594) and appears again as the final poem in the great pastoral anthology, *England's Helicon* (1600).

1. An aubade (or morning song to one's lady), set to music by John Dowland (1563–1626) in his *First Book of Songs or Aires*; he was a famous composer and lutenist.

Playing, staying in the grove
 To entertain the stealth of love.
 Thither, sweet love, let us hie,
 15 Flying, dying in desire,
 Winged with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come away, come, sweet love! Do not in vain adorn
 Beauty's grace, that should rise like to the naked morn.
 Lilies on the riverside
 20 And fair Cyprian² flowers new-blown
 Desire no beauties but their own,
 Ornament is nurse of pride;
 Pleasure measure love's delight.
 Haste then, sweet love, our wishèd flight!

1597

Thule, the Period of Cosmography¹

Thule, the period of cosmography,
 Doth vaunt of Hecla,² whose sulphurous fire
 Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the sky;
 Trinacrian Aetna's³ flames ascend not higher.
 5 These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
 Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andalusian merchant, that returns
 Laden with cochineal⁴ and China dishes,
 Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo⁵ burns
 10 Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes.
 These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
 Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

1600

Madrigal¹

My love in her attire doth show her wit,
 It doth so well become her;

2. Pertaining to Venus, the Cyprian goddess; hence, spring flowers.

1. "Thule" or "Ultima Thule" was a general name for the Arctic. "Period of cosmography" suggests the end point of navigation, a full stop. This remarkable poem, which draws on Elizabethan interest in exploration and discovery to illustrate the conventional pangs of a lover, first appeared in a book of madrigals by Thomas Weelkes.

2. A volcano in Iceland.

3. Mount Etna, a volcano on the island of Sicily. The poet is quoting Virgil, *Aeneid* 3.554: *e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna* ("out of the waves appears

Trinacrian [i.e. Sicilian] Aetna").

4. A red dye. "Andalusian": from southern Spain.

5. One of the Cape Verde Islands, three hundred miles off the coast of Africa, west of Dakar. Francis Drake visited it in 1578; the account in Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations* includes details used here: "The Isle of Fogo . . . called by the Portingals *Illa del fogo*, that is, the burning Island: . . . we had the commoditie of great store [plenty] of fish, as Dolphin, Bonitas, and flying fishes."

1. This sophisticated courtly lyric was printed in an anthology titled *A Poetical Rhapsody* (1602).

For every season she hath dressings fit,
 For winter, spring, and summer.
 5 No beauty she doth miss
 When all her robes are on;
 But beauty's self she is
 When all her robes are gone.

1602

Weep You No More, Sad Fountains¹

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
 What need you flow so fast?
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
 5 But my sun's heavenly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lie sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

10 Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets.
 Doth not the sun rise smiling
 When fair at even he sets?
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
 15 Melt not in weeping
 While she lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

1603

The Silver Swan¹

The silver swan, who living had no note.
 When death approached, unlocked her silent throat;
 Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
 Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
 5 "Farewell, all joys; Oh death, come close mine eyes;
 More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

1612

1. This anonymous lyric comes from another song book of John Dowland's (his *Third and Last Book of Songs or Aires*). Like a number of other songbook lyrics which were apparently written only with the object of being set to music, its versification is

quantitative.

1. From Orlando Gibbons's *First Set of Madrigals and Motets*. In this short lyric, Gibbons, who was one of the last of the madrigalists, may be mourning the demise of his art.